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## Carbondale Remembered

The Woman's Club of Carbondale

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1976 is the chosen publication date because this booklet was "a bi-centennial project" (page iii).

No official publication date is given.

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# Carbondale Remembered

*The Woman's Club of Carbondale*



THE WOMAN'S CLUB OF CARBONDALE  
Organized in 1896 as  
THE COSMOPOLITAN LITERARY CLUB  
to secure for its members literary culture  
and skill in parliamentary practice.

CHARTER MEMBERS

Maude Willsey Allen  
    Cenie A. Burnham  
        Ada Dunaway Caldwell  
            Nannie Caldwell  
                Virginia Thorne Dunaway  
Mary Frances Dowell  
    Minta A. Evans  
        Mary V. Everest  
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    Anna Harrison Mitchell  
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                Martha Montgomery Rapp  
Bessie Ives Salter  
    Hattie Blood Scott  
        Jessie Burnett Shryock  
            Helen Yost Stotlar  
                Olive E. Whittington

*The house on the cover, located at 505 West Walnut, was the home of Dr. Robert Allyn, first president of S.I.N.U. It belongs to Dr. David and Lucy Sloan, granddaughter of Dr. J. W. Barrow whose home it was for many years. Cover drawing by Matthew Daub.*

## CONTENTS

### *Julia Mitchell Etherton*

Walnut Street . . . . .	1
East Main Street . . . . .	5
West Main Street . . . . .	8
Oak Street . . . . .	15

### *Martha McCammon Clark*

More Main Street . . . . .	17
----------------------------	----

### *May Dorsey*

College Street . . . . .	20
--------------------------	----

### *Blanche Lentz Pugh*

Normal Avenue . . . . .	27
-------------------------	----

### *Genevieve Felts Myers*

Poplar Street . . . . .	30
-------------------------	----



Julia Mitchell Etherton was born on her grandfather Harrison's farm in Herrin's Prairie, now part of Herrin. Her parents lived in Chicago at the time. They moved to Carbondale in 1893 when her father, E. E. Mitchell, came to help organize the First National Bank of Carbondale, where he served as cashier and later as president. When Julia married J. Everett Etherton his father was president of the Carbondale National Bank. "Eb" succeeded his father as president and their son William now heads the bank.

Martha McCammon Clark was born in Mounds City. Her father served in Carbondale as pastor of the First Methodist Church from 1903-1908. After her marriage to Marshall Clark they returned to Carbondale in 1947 where he taught in the school of agriculture at S.I.U. Martha taught English at the school until her retirement in 1965.

May Dorsey was born on her grandfather's farm in Gallatin County between Equality and Shawneetown. Her parents moved to Carbondale in 1898. May taught music in the Indiana public schools from 1910 until her retirement in 1945, and has lived since then in the home on College Street. She now teaches private piano lessons and is active in the First Baptist Church, where she teaches a Sunday School class.

Blanche Lentz Pugh was born in Creal Springs while her father, E. G. Lentz, was principal of the Marion Township High School. She married Orwin Pugh, a Carbondale lawyer for more than fifty years who has served as Assistant States Attorney and as Public Defender. They have lived all their married life in Carbondale.

Genevieve Felts Myers was born in Cairo, the daughter of Prof. W. T. Felts and Jennie Hodge Felts. When she was a year old Prof. Felts joined the faculty of S.I.N.U. and they moved to Mrs. Felts' family home on Poplar Street where Genevieve lived until her marriage.

These reminiscences are collected as a bi-centennial project and are not historical research. Any omissions or misstatements are regretted.

Agnes Lentz Wright, Editor

## WALNUT STREET REMEMBERED

*Julia Mitchell Etherton*

My parents built a large frame house at 509 Walnut Street in late 1890. The lot was bought from Dr. Allyn's heirs and lay just west of their three-story house with its mansard roof. Our house had a wide front porch on two sides and was built by Mr. Abe Etherton. It had a wide entrance hall with an oak stairway. There were four rooms downstairs; two fireplaces with mirrored oak mantels and a large bay window. Its cushioned window seat was a favorite play center.

There were five bedrooms upstairs and a large attic where we played on rainy days. In the attic was a huge water tank that was filled by a rubber hose that led from two deep cisterns and was pumped full by a faithful colored man named Price. Carbondale had no water works then, so by this system we had a bathroom with modern plumbing fixtures.

The yard had beautiful oak trees and trumpet vines with orange colored blossoms. I remember our mother cried because in clearing the lot for the new house workmen cut out some of the trees and shrubbery she wanted to save. A tall, straight tulip poplar did survive. Mother replaced some of the Benjamin Harrison roses. A rope swing hung from a high limb of the black oak on the west, and under the white oak on the east were two big stones on which we cracked hickory nuts or black walnuts for fudge or brownies.

The place had a huge garden and an old barn. Father was a quail hunter and during the hunting season we had as many as six or seven hunting dogs in the screened runway. Old Jack was a pointer that belonged to my brother Ruffin. Shot, another pointer hung himself when he tried to jump the fence one day. King Cerano belonged to Mr. James Pease, our father's friend from Chicago. He was a show dog and won many trophies. Sometimes in November father and his friends from Chicago would shoot a hundred quail in one day. (There was no limit then). We had quail pie, and Mr. Pease would say, "Just one more bosom, Eddie."

Mrs. Pease came too and they occupied the spare bedroom. They brought us dolls and other gifts. One time they brought a phonograph and records. We loved the gay fall quail season. Mr. Pease bought the Roberts Hotel.

I had a happy, carefree childhood with my brother and three sisters and the children on Walnut Street. We looked forward to the 4th of July celebrations. Father always ordered a big display of fireworks and loved playing host for our friends that night.

On hot summer days when it rained mother let us put on our bathing suits and play in the rain and mud. We played in the dusty road and at night we caught hop toads under the street lights—and put lightning bugs in bottles. We made street cars of shoe boxes with colored paper windows, lighted by a candle and pulled down the street after dark. We played "Hide and Seek", "go-sheepy-go" and other games. We ate home made ice cream on the front

## *Carbondale Remembered*

porch. In winter we had sleds and learned to ice skate.

We had a big square ebony piano, a Chickering. Mother played old songs and we sang. Our favorite hymn was "There were ninety and nine". We would weep while we sang and cry, "Oh, play it again." Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shryock often came to spend an evening. Mrs. Shryock played the "Mosquito Parade" on the piano and we marched. Another piano favorite was "The Burning of Rome". Florence, the sister with red hair and much imagination put on one man shows.

We were all quarantined when my sisters Florence and Anne had scarlet fever. One of the coldest winters ever we all had measles. Father stayed home from the bank to fire the furnace. They darkened the windows and mother and Mrs. Shryock took turns reading to us from the hall.

Our neighbors to the east at 505 Walnut Street were Mrs. Hypes, her daughter Klea and an invalid sister, Miss Ella Allyn, daughters of Dr. Robert Allyn, first president of Southern Illinois University. The house was filled with lovely antiques, many from the old Allyn home in Connecticut. We adored Miss Klea and loved to go there. Our high spirits were a bit subdued by the quiet, dignified atmosphere of the old house. The young ones played with a set of Lincoln logs, kept in a fitted wooden box under the long, upholstered sofa. There was a whatnot that held wonderful little treasures. We played parchesi and checkers. Miss Klea was my third grade teacher at Brush School. Later, when she was librarian at Wheeler Library I assisted her one summer and earned my first money, paid with a check signed by Dr. Parkinson.

They had an old fashioned garden and a glassed in conservatory for winter plants. We learned the names of different plants and how to make wreaths of larkspur petals. When Miss Klea became Mrs. Charles Wittlsey and moved to New London, Connecticut, Jane and I visited her there one summer and had our first experience at the eastern seashore. Klea took her mother to live with her in New England and the house was sold to Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Barrow. They lived there many years and their daughter Mary, who married Dr. Leo Brown, lived there after her parents built a smaller house. It is now occupied by one of the daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Brown. Dr. and Mrs. David Sloan.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Elliott lived on the southwest corner of Walnut and Poplar at 501 Walnut. They had been our neighbors when we first moved to Carbondale and lived for a short time on the corner of Illinois and Oak. Mrs. Elliott kept roomers and boarders. Mary Angell lived with them and helped with the cooking, housekeeping, sewing and canning. She made thin ginger cookies which we loved. Her daughter Alma played with us tirelessly. Harriet, or Hattie as we called her, became a well known teacher in South Carolina, interested in Democratic politics. She was appointed on the Council of Material Defence under Franklin D. Roosevelt during World War II. She was a close personal friend of Eleanor Roosevelt. Mr. Elliott had a butcher shop. Mrs. Elliott wore print house dresses summer and winter, made from the same pattern. The winter dresses were fully lined with the same material. She was a great talker and told us tales of early Carbondale. She was one of the pioneer White family. She was self-educated but well informed and known for her determination, democratic principles and good common horse sense. She had a remedy for every ailment.

The Searing family built a handsome frame house on the east corner of Walnut and Poplar that was later bought by Judge and Mrs. Andrew Caldwell. They had two children, Edgar and Virginia. I can remember Edgar dashing down the street on a black pony. He died very young of pneumonia. Virginia married

Wm. McAndrew, football coach at the Normal, for whom the stadium was named. They continued to live in the lovely old house until she sold it to the Catholic Church. St. Francis Xavier Church stands there now.

Dr. Daniel Parkinson, president of the Normal School, lived in a large frame house east of the Caldwells. There were many tall oak trees in their yard. This, too, was sold to the Catholic Church. I spent many happy times there at parties, dinner club, woman's club or just visiting. I remember especially the salt mackerel breakfasts. When Constance Raymond, Mrs. Parkinson's niece married John Stotlar I was one of the six bridesmaids in a pretty home wedding. Alice Parkinson was maid of honor in pink. The bridesmaids were Jennie Mitchell, Margaret Porter, Ellouise Sheppard, Helen Winters, Nina Shelton and myself.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Ogden built the house with columns at 323 Poplar where Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jordon later lived. The Ogdens had two sons, Marcus and Colin, and a daughter Abigail. Marcus married Florence Exby of Walnut Street.

A family named Glick lived on the south side of Walnut. They had a son, Ben. The Crow family lived next door. They all attended the Methodist Church. They had a daughter Mary, my age.

On the southwest corner of Walnut and Normal lived Mr. Simeon Walker, grandfather of Walker Schwartz. He had a very long full beard. Dr. and Mrs. Roscoe Lewis, parents of Dr. John Lewis, lived there later. Across the street was the small two story house with picket fence that belonged to Miss Mattie Walker. My husband's father, J. M. Etherton, roomed there when he came to Carbondale to attend school at the Normal. Beyond this was a big two story house, the home of the minister of the First Baptist Church, Mr. Branch and his big family of boys. I cannot recall any business buildings at the corner of Walnut and Illinois Avenues at that time.

Where the Walnut Street Baptist Church now stands were two large frame houses. One belonged to the Martin family, the other to the Kerstine family. Grace Davis married Jake Kerstine and lived there many years.

On the northwest corner of Walnut and Normal Avenues Mr. Charles Reith built a group of small houses that extended through to Monroe Street, called the Reith cottages. They were built in 1904 from materials purchased after the St. Louis World's Fair. Mr. Reith's mother, an interesting, eccentric woman, lived in one to a very old age.

Dan Parkinson, oldest son of Dr. Parkinson, built a two story frame house across the street from his father. He brought his bride, Margaret Hill of Murphysboro to live there. Next door lived the Campbell family, who moved to Carbondale from Chester. Mr. Campbell and his son George had a grocery store on Illinois Avenue. The daughter Ethel was a great friend of Alma Elliott. Ethel married Sam Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell lived in a small house before they bought the Searing house across the street. The Louis Bonds lived there later. They came from Kentucky and had a daughter, Sadie. After the Bonds, the Cheevers family lived in the house. They had a daughter Martha. Both Mr. Bond and Mr. Cheevers were with the I. C. railroad. The first family I can remember in the tall brown house on the northwest corner of Walnut and Poplar were the Hanfords. They had an only son, John. Mr. F. M. Hewitt, the druggist bought the house and moved it onto the next lot west. He built the big brick house that is there now.

## *Carbondale Remembered*

Our neighbors across the street at 504 Walnut Street were the Travelsteads. They had four boys, John, Virgil, Egbert, Hewitt, and a daughter Mae. Mr. Hez Travelstead and his identical twin, Ed, were barbers. Mae and my sister Jane were the same age and were graduated in the same class at the Normal. They envied me because I was the oldest and could do things first, but I was always told to set a good example.

West of the Travelsteads was one of the oldest houses in Carbondale. The first family I can remember living there was the Sylvesters. They had no children, but a grand niece came to visit and we played tiddle-de-winks. In the yard was a large cage of fox squirrels. It is said that when they were released Carbondale got its start of fox squirrels. They are with us today.

The first family I remember living on the corner of Maple was named Stewart. Across the street to the west lived the Jack Heltons. They had a large family and I went to school with Anne and Sadie. Buzzy Myers and his parents lived there for a short time when they first came to Carbondale.

Farther west on the street lived families named Couch, Wilhoit, and the Ogdens, with big families. They all went to the Baptist Sunday School with us. Mrs. Wilhoit baked good saltrising bread and the boys delivered it in baskets, still hot, ten cents a loaf. At the end of the street at Oakland Avenue lived Mrs. McFarland, a widow, and her son, Jim. She did sewing and altering. The Abe Norths lived on Walnut Street, with their sons Edgar and Frank.

Professor George W. Smith built a fine frame house at 605 Walnut Street about the same time ours was built. They had two sons, Clyde and Russell, and two daughters Helen and Frances. Professor Smith taught history at the Normal and wrote a history of Southern Illinois. The house has been remodeled with tall white columns and is a very attractive home today.

The Scott Atkins lived in a big house at 607 Walnut set back from the street. His mother was Lizzie Mitchell, distant cousins of ours. The Batson family lived in a two story frame house at 513 Walnut now remodeled and the present home of John and Helen Gilbert. The Batsons had two sons, Marshall and John, both barbers. Mr. Batson was tall and straight, with a full beard. He was a Civil war veteran, a member of the GAR. One daughter had married a farmer named Hiller and when we first moved to Walnut street they lived in the house west of ours. They had three daughters, one my age, named Flora. The house had a low sloping roof and is thought to be one of the oldest houses in Carbondale. My father bought it, rented it, and later sold it to Dr. and Mrs. Barrow. Clyde and Mary Smith bought it and their daughter Jean Foley lives there now. When Ebb and I were first married Clyde Smith had a political job in Springfield and rented it to us for six months, partially furnished with rare, lovely antiques. It was our first home, so I had returned to Walnut Street for the first months of my married life. As I washed dishes I could look out the kitchen window and see my mother's tulip poplar tree, still standing straight and tall.



## I REMEMBER EAST MAIN STREET

*Julia Mitchell Etherton*

In the early days of my life in Carbondale, I was more familiar with the residential area of West Main Street. This was due to the fact that the Illinois Central Railroad tracks crossed Main Street at the center point of the town. Trains were a formidable barrier to the very young and the very old, much as Route 13 traffic is today.

Carbondale at that time was a busy railroad center of importance, with offices of the St. Louis Division located here. At one time there were more than fifty passenger trains a day. Between Chicago and New Orleans and Florida they connected with trains from St. Louis bringing passengers from East or West. There were local trains east to Herrin and Johnson City, another line went to Marion and Paducah, Ky. A train to Murphysboro, Grand Tower, and Thebes was called the "Mud Line." We said at that time, you could take a train in Carbondale and go any place in the United States, by coach or luxurious Pullman or parlor cars.

Dining car service was expert. Neat, well-trained porters and waiters were plentiful, courteous, and helpful. Because of our frequent trips to Chicago, we knew many of them by name. They brushed our clothes and polished our shoes before we reached our destination, and were so pleased with the small tip.

There were long freight trains and coal trains as the mines were flourishing. All were pulled by great, noisy, smoking, steam engines that often stopped for water at a huge tower near the station. The water was pumped from Big Muddy River.

At the Main Street crossing there were no gates or warning bells, just the train whistles and a watchman who stood in the center of the street with a "Stop and Go" sign. When I was first allowed to drive the family horse to the livery stable across town, crossing the tracks was a terrifying experience. It was not unusual to wait fifteen or twenty minutes for a blocked crossing.

The business section was in a square divided through the center by Main Street and the Illinois Central tracks, leaving four small parks. They were owned and maintained by the railroad; all had green grass, shade trees, and summer flower beds, well cared for by the railroad gardeners. We knew one named Bill Fizz, who also trimmed our father's privet hedge.

In the park on the northwest stood the freight house, still standing, a long frame building with men always busy and hustling around there. In the park on the southwest was the new red brick station built in 1904, housing the ticket agent, the waiting rooms, the American Express Company, and the Western Union Telegraph Co. A Van Noy Restaurant had a separate red brick building, which served meals or a good cup of coffee and a doughnut twenty-four hours a day. At one time they planted maple memorial trees in this small park, for the men who lost their lives in World War I. There was also a large plaque containing the

## *Carbondale Remembered*

names of all the men from Carbondale in the armed services. It was impressive. The first station was very small and on the east side of the tracks.

The park on the northeast side contained the St. Louis Division office building. It was shady and green in summer, with huge beds of red cannas, and a small fountain. At one time, there were alligators in this pool. The building is still in use.

The southeast park was shady, and sunken below the street level. There were benches and a band stand in the center, where summer band concerts were held. One event took place there that made a great impression on me, a big basket dinner held when our local militia company came home from France, after their tour of duty in World War I. Most of the town turned out to greet them when their train arrived one morning. It was 1919. Everyone brought well-filled baskets. I remember our mother had fried chicken and a cake. I made a batch of brownies. There were long tables for the food, speeches of welcome, and answers from the veterans. Returning fathers saw new babies for the first time. It was a happy, heart-warming home-coming. Flags and bunting everywhere, a deep feeling of patriotism and appreciation prevailed, as we welcomed the boys who had served "Over There." We left them and their families to enjoy the picnic food.

Carbondale was a pretty town, before hard roads, automobiles, parking lots and parking meters took away the shade trees, green grass, and well-tended flowerbeds. It was a pleasure to get off a train here.

On the northwest corner of Main and Illinois Avenue, stood a brick three story building, that in my earliest memory was Mr. E. Patten's Drug Store Soda Fountain and book store. The Masonic Lodge held meetings on the third floor, and there were offices on the second floor. In the rear of this building was a one-story brick office for Dr. Henry Clay Mitchell. He was the Illinois Central doctor and Carbondale's first surgeon. The Carbondale National Bank bought the three-story building and operated there until the present bank building was opened in December 1928 on the same site. When we were married in 1918, my husband was starting to work there; his father, J. M. Etherton, was president and my father, E. E. Mitchell, was president of the First National Bank.

On the southwest corner stood Scott's Dry Goods Store. Later Mr. R. E. Bridges had a self-service type grocery (forerunner of the super-market). Mr. Bridges was a grandson of Colonel Brush, and this site had once belonged to his grandfather in the founding days of Carbondale. Mr. Bridges later had a fashionable ready-to-wear shop here. The Hub Cafe operated on this corner for twenty-five years under the management of Nick Masters. The men about town gathered here daily for a cup of coffee and swapped tall tales and friendly banter.

The First National Bank, organized in 1893, stood on the northeast corner of Main and Washington streets. My father was the first cashier, and later president. The Prickett and Porter Drug Store was in this building and the opera house was on the second floor. I can remember seeing old plays, like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "East Lynne." The Lyceum Bureau of Entertainment was booked for programs and many home talent shows were put on there. At one time they had movies. This building now houses the Bank of Carbondale.

I vaguely remember the Newell House on the southeast corner, but more vividly the Roberts Hotel, as it was called in my time. It was the scene of many social events, dinners, parties, luncheons, and dances. The bridge luncheon club

met there for years. It was especially popular under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Sinnott. This was a favorite stop for traveling salesmen, who displayed their wares in "sample rooms" along the north side. The dining room, with black waiters in white coats, was known throughout the area for its good food and hospitality.

At one time, there was a long frame building, a hotel and rooming house in this area, called the Hundley House. It had a wide front porch and a row of comfortable rocking chairs. Mr. and Mrs. Vancil, father and mother of Mollie and Albert, came to Carbondale in the early 1890's to manage this first Hundley House. Years later the Floyd family lived there, and operated a general store.

There was a large brick residence on the corner of East Main Street and Marion Street that I remember as belonging to one of the Snider families. They had big farms just east of town.

Next door east of the First National Bank was Phillips' hardware, harness, and implement store. A new city hall was built in 1915 on the northwest corner of Main and Marion. In the rear building was housed our first fire department. The Masonic Lodge occupied the third floor of city hall. One floor of the city hall was occupied by the National Guard Armory. Many dances were held there, with big name bands, and it was also used as a hall for civic and public affairs, requiring large space. Hughes' livery stable stood on the northeast corner.

A short distance east of Marion Street lay Woodlawn Cemetery, where Colonel Daniel Harmon Brush and many other early residents are buried, and also many Civil War soldiers. Woodlawn Cemetery was the site of the first Memorial Day celebration, in the spring after the war in 1866. General John A. Logan attended. There is an historic marker placed on East Main Street. Later General Logan's order, making May 30 a national Memorial Day, was read each year.

Across the street was Attucks School, Carbondale's all negro school, grades through high school.

At the east end of Main Street and at the edge of town was Winfrey's flour mill, and their residence on the north. To the south was a pretty red brick house with white trim, a Dillinger home and farm.

The country road then led east to Marion, the county seat of Williamson County. Just three miles east was the old covered bridge over Crab Orchard Creek. Gypsies often camped there. Nearby was a small frame church known as "County Line Church" and I also remember a small, picturesque one room country school, built of logs, near the little white church.

## I REMEMBER MAIN STREET

*Julia Mitchell Etherton*

I like to remember Main Street on a bright, warm summer day. Great oak boughs formed a thick shady arch overhead and it always seemed cooler there. The street might be thick in dust, but the red brick sidewalks looked cool with green moss in the crevices. A horse drawn sprinkler passed in the early mornings and late afternoons to lay the dust. The lawns were dry and there were not many summer flowers, perhaps petunias, salvia, cosmos and cannas. I recall hanging baskets of ferns and geraniums on the porches. The yards had lilac, snowball and red japonica bushes. Each place had a black wrought iron fence and gate.

When I walked down Main Street it was past Judge Oliver Harker's home at 416 West Main, at the corner of Poplar Street. It had a large lawn enclosed with an iron grill fence and had many tall oak trees. I recall going there as a small girl. Mrs. Harker was short and plump and very cordial. Their daughter, Winnie, married Mr. Frank Hewitt, the druggist.

My father bought the Harker house about 1906 when Judge Harker became Dean of the Law School at the University of Illinois and they moved to Champaign. Judge Harker had added a library wing on the west and my father raised the roof, added dormer windows and put on a slate roof. Mrs. Harker had taken out the walnut staircase and replaced it with carved golden oak. It was the golden oak age. Mother had the woodwork painted white and the walls papered in colonial green. The wide porches were screened and furnished in green wicker. It made wonderful summer living. My father's lawn was the prettiest in town. The carriage house on Poplar Street was converted into a garage and housed our first car, the old Premier with electric gear shift. There were seven of us living in the twelve-room house at that time. We all attended the Normal training school and went to the First Baptist Church on Main Street.

In the summer of 1910 our father was campaigning for the office of State Treasurer. The library was turned into an office and his headquarters, with secretaries and busy typewriters. We all learned to type and addressed envelopes to all the banks in Illinois. He was elected in November. During the next two years we spent some time in the state capitol and had interesting new experiences of political life. Charles S. Deneen was governor and father's friend.

My three sisters and I were all married in this home, before the marble mantel in the back parlor. I loved the parties and the big family gatherings. On a cold winter day we would pop corn by the library fire. We made fudge and pulled taffy and molasses candy. Often in winter evenings our father read aloud from "The Lady of the Lake" or Ernest Seton Thompson's wonderful animal stories, while mother sat sewing or mending.

It was a beautiful street to us in any season, inches deep in dust or ankle deep in mud. Sometimes in winter it looked like a crystal forest. The summer

they put in the first brick pavement we waded in the white sand and pretended we were at the seashore. When they started to lay the bricks my father turned the hose on them at night; those that soaked up water he threw out. He and the contractor exchanged letters by American Express, they were too hot for the mails to handle. We finally got our new pavement.

On a hot summer afternoon I loved to put on a fresh cotton dress and sit on the porch. The girls would come by to play croquet on the east lawn, or walk down Main Street to Hewitt's or Patten's drug store for a chocolate ice cream soda. My sisters and I liked to hitch Trilby the pony to the basket cart and drive down Main Street.

The Brush school, named for Colonel Daniel Harmon Brush, one of the founders of Carbondale, was on land set aside for a school when the town was platted. It was a frame building of two classrooms and a cloak room, set in the center of an oak grove. At that time the school grounds were the center of summer activities. There were the tennis courts where I spent many happy hours. At that time we lived on Walnut Street. As soon as my noon meal was finished I put on my white linen shirtwaist, long gored shirt and white tennis shoes. On the way to the courts was an apple tree and with my racket I could usually brush off a few green apples, so I carried a little packet of salt in my pocket.

Ralph Arnold lived next door to the courts on the east and he kept the net and tennis balls. Edwin Bullock and Dash Brush lived with their grandfather Rapp across the street. Both came from military families, had traveled a lot, and had lovely manners. I thought they were like the two little knights of Kentucky in Annie Fellows Johnson's "Little Colonel Series."

My cousin, Jennie Mitchell, daughter of Dr. Henry C. Mitchell, lived across the street at 408 W. Main. Nina Shelton, Margaret Porter, Helen Winters and Ellouise Sheppard lived close by. There was a band stand on the school grounds and summer concerts were held there. My future husband played a horn in the band and wore a fancy uniform. The churches served home-made ice cream and cake on band concert night. They would serve you at long tables or on a tray carried to the surrey out in front.

On the school grounds a tent with wooden benches was put up for the Chautauqua series, an event looked forward to each summer, usually in the hot weather of August. Merchants furnished very welcome fans with advertisements on them.

We moved to Carbondale from Chicago about 1894 and lived for a time in an old brick house on Springer Street, where the high school now stands. Main Street began for me at Prickett's corner, the corner of Main and Springer Streets. Mr. Frank Prickett's house was big and rambling with large rooms and two main stairways. They had a large barn with a rooster weather vane on top. Mr. Prickett was the first president of the newly organized First National Bank.

Just west of the Prickett home was the Mackey house, at 706 West Main. For many years it was the home of our cousins, Jim and Mollie Vancil Mitchell. Farther west was the home of Mr. Eustis Patten, proprietor of Patten's drug store. Mrs. Lucy Patten Barrow was born there. She married Dr. J. W. Barrow and they bought the house at 505 West Walnut Street that had been the home of Dr. Robert Allyn, first president of S.I.N.U.

Grandma Prickett lived across the street from the Patten's in a small house with a picket fence and an old fashioned flower garden. The W. A. Perce home



## *Carbondale Remembered*

next door, at 609 W. Main, had a round cobalt blue window that intrigued me.

On the south side of the street at 601 W. Main was the large frame house of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hundley. This house was later moved south on Maple Street and divided into two houses one burned, the other stands at 204 Maple Street. Mrs. Hundley was my mother's sister. She built the fine red brick house with red tile roof in the early 1900's. In December 1928 Mr. and Mrs. Hundley were murdered there. The mystery has never been solved. We lived across Maple Street, heard the shots and called the police. It is still a vivid, sad memory.

There was a fine collection of original paintings in the Hundley home. When Lorado Taft and a group of artists visited her they expressed surprise at finding such paintings in a town so far from St. Louis. Her landscape by George Innes, Jr., now hangs in the Heritage Room of Morris Library at S.I.U. She also owned a painting by George Innes which has disappeared. Her most modern selections were two complementary paintings in an unusual medium by an American artist named Emerson. My favorite was an Edward Duffner, a landscape with small children in the foreground. The leaded glass rose window in the hall of the Hundley House is an art treasure. The oriental rugs had been chosen with an artist's eye to blend with the paintings and other art objects.

There were three Bryden houses in the 500 block. The house on the corner of Maple Street where we lived for over fifty years was built by Rockwell Bryden for his bride, Miss Ella Brookings of DuQuoin. It was a Ladies' Home Journal plan. We moved there in the fall of 1920.

Mr. J. C. Bryden, Sr., lived in the middle house at 507 Main. In the springtime the yard was full of yellow daffodils and blue bells and Bonnie Briar roses from Scotland. The house on the corner of Poplar Street, at 503 W. Main, belonged to two unmarried Bryden sisters. Miss Agnes worked in the Trust and Savings Bank at 110 N. Illinois and Miss Helen taught at Lincoln School.

On the northwest corner of Main and Poplar, at 500 W. Main, lived the J. D. Peters family. Mr. Peters was a mine superintendent and commuted to Herrin daily. Mrs. Peters belonged to my mother's bridge club. Mabel was a critic teacher of seventh and eighth grades at the Normal. Miss Helen taught piano and had studied in Paris. Duce and my brother Ruffin were the same age and school pals. The Peters family had one of the first automobiles in Carbondale. They also bought a second-hand touring car in Chicago which had been made over and was called "Amplex". It gave them lots of trouble, especially with the starter, and needed many a push down Main Street so we dubbed it "Complex". Duce and a friend went to Chicago to drive the car to Carbondale on the dirt roads. After several days absence he called his father and said, "We're in Mt. Vernon." Mr. Peters replied "What State?" The Peters house was moved to Oak Street and the Carbondale Savings and Loan building now occupies the land.

On the southeast corner of Main and Poplar was the red brick Henry Campbell house. I thought it was one of the most elegant on the street. There was a wide main hall and a wide staircase with a landing and turn. Mrs. Campbell was the daughter of Daniel H. Brush. Mr. Campbell had been involved in a bank failure and they had financial reverses. They kept roomers and boarders in the big house. Mrs. Campbell was an excellent cook and ran a tearoom. Mr. Campbell, with a long, sad face, waited on the tables. We had many good meals there. The house burned in 1898. It was the last day of school and the exercises were being held in the Methodist Church. Our teacher, Miss Ella Bridges, was living in the house with her Aunt Lou. She had to rush home and rescue our

report cards. Mrs. Charles Reith and Aunt Ella Hundley, then a bride, were living on the second floor. In trying to save Mrs. Reith's baby grand piano it became lodged in the stairway and stopped further rescue work. Aunt Ella lost most of her trousseau and wedding gifts. What was left of the red brick walls was torn down and Mr. W. H. Phillips built a fine frame house on the same foundations. This house at 417 Main is much the same type of architecture as the original Henry Campbell house.

I recall the Captain Exekial Ingersoll house at 413 W. Main. It had marble mantels and flowered carpets inside. It had gingerbread trim outside. S.I.U trustee, had jewelry store-Ingersoll and Sheppard.

Mr. Samuel Dunaway, the richest man in town, had a fine frame house trimmed with intricate iron grillwork. It was enclosed with a white picket and iron fence. This stands at 409 West Main, the first house west of Brush School. Burnett Shryock remodeled this old house and converted it into apartments. He retained the lacy iron grill at the entrance and for the large front doors he used the old doors from the First Baptist Church, the ruins of which are still standing at 219 West Jackson. I was told that Mr. Dunaway had silver dollars set in the tiled hearth of one of the fireplaces but I never saw it. There were fine stables at the rear. Will Price, later Carbondale's expert house cleaner, was a fourteen-year-old stable boy for Mr. Dunaway.

Mr. and Mrs. John Arnold lived east of the Brush School at 311 Main Street. He was a stone mason and did some of the work on the Normal buildings. He had a monuments and tombstone business. Mrs. Arnold baked delicious angel food cakes with crisp flaky icing, a must for our birthdays.

Miss Martha Buck built a house on Main Street before 1905, between the Arnold home and the Bridges house. She wanted to be near the First Baptist Church, across the street, so that when she grew older she could walk there. She taught a young men's Bible class in the Sunday School for many years. She educated several nieces who lived in her home and she helped some young men students who worked their way through school and roomed with her. Among these were Dr. Percival Bailey and Lowell Roberts, who has worked so effectively for the SIU Foundation.

Miss Buck was a member of the first faculty of the Normal. She wrote the textbook "Buck's Grammar," which was used in her classes. She was an individualist with outspoken opinions and high moral ideals. In 1875 Miss Buck and Prof. Daniel Parkinson organized the YMCA for young men on the campus, as an evangelical movement and substitute for the saloons.

The Bridges house was built on the site of the Colonel Brush home that had burned. Mrs. Frank Bridges was Julia, a daughter of Daniel Brush. They had five children; Charlotte, named for her great-grandmother Charlotte Etherton, Ella, my first grade teacher, Daniel, Rolland, and Albert. They sold the home and moved to Chicago. It was bought in turn by a succession of Illinois Central superintendents. I remember the McCourts, with a large family of children who attended school with us, the Daileys, Clifts, and the Ewings. Mr. and Mrs. Ewing were special friends and I visited them after they moved to Chicago and built a nice home near the South Shore Country Club. This house is still standing. Dr. McAnally bought the corner portion of the Brush estate and built a large house about 1900. It was moved to make room for a post office building.

The Schwartz apartment building at 231 W. Main was built in 1907. The old Schwartz home was gray brick and built right on the street, at 207 W. Main.

There was a two-story red brick building in the block. Dr. Entsminger's dental office was down stairs, where I had my first tooth pulled. On the second floor was the library. Miss Mary Hull was the librarian. She had an eastern accent, wore her gray hair in a French roll, and we thought her charming.

Scott's store was on the southwest corner of Main and Illinois. Here we bought spools of thread, dress goods, linens, long winter underwear and long stockings. My first glimpse of a real live Santa Clause was in Scott's window at Christmas time.

Across the street was Patten's Drug store and book store. West of the store was the First Methodist Church and the parsonage, frame buildings then. The parsonage at 210 W. Main had a low picket fence which Martha McCammom Clark describes. There was a one-story Sunday School room on the east side of the church, where I attended Junior Sunday League with my friends. The present church was built on the same site in early 1920.

On the northeast corner of Main and University Avenue, at 220 W. Main, was Mrs. Farmer's boarding house with a wide front porch. I remember passing on a summer afternoon when pretty ladies in summer dresses and wide brimmed hats sat on the porch sewing and visiting. We had many friends there. Walter Blakeslee, a schoolmate, had a big birthday party there. In a contest to see who could eat the most olives Ellouise Sheppard won.

The present First Baptist Church, on the northwest corner of Main and University, was built in 1902 of stone quarried south of Boskydell in Jackson County. Aunt Ella Hundley presented the pipe organ in memory of our grandparents, David Ruffin and Julia Anne Harrison. I sang in the choir and taught in the primary and junior departments.

Before the church was built there was only the beautiful old mansion on the site, known to me as the John Campbell house. There were pet deer in the yard and a magnificent pink magnolia tree. The house was built in 1865 for Mr. Frank Chapman of Vienna, in Johnson County. Tragedy struck the family soon after the house was completed. Fire destroyed the Chapman block just north of the present Carbondale National Bank, on Christmas Day, in 1868. The family continued to live in Carbondale but Mr. Chapman returned to his business in Johnson County and was mysteriously murdered there in 1876. The daughter lived in the home with her mother after she was married to Mr. W. H. Ashley. Bill Ashley, their grandson, is the only descendant now living in Carbondale. On the newest post of the curved walnut staircase was a silver plate engraved with "built by Isaac Rapp". Mrs. Mary Logan, wife of General John A. Logan, often visited here.

The John Campbell family moved to Chicago and the house was sold to Mr. W. H. Phillips. Maud Phillips and John Daniel were married in the house, under an archway of smilax built for the occasion. With some of my very young friends I climbed up on the iron grill railing of the front porch to peek through the two long windows into the parlors. When they kissed, we giggled and noisily scampered away. Mabel Peters and Frank Clements who were standing in the window, turned to see what caused the commotion.

Miss Charlotte Hanson exchanged property on Walnut Street for this place and deeded it to the First Baptist Church to be used as a parsonage. I remember when Reverend Ellis Jones and his family lived there. It was cold and drafty and hard to heat. Later, a furnace was installed and the building was used for Sunday School rooms and Church meetings. There was a big kitchen and Church dinners

were served in the long west room. Miss Hanson's old rosewood piano was cut down and served as a tea table in the parlors.

The house was originally a rose red brick with a three story tower, intricate iron grill work, and slate floors on the front porch. There were two wide carved doors leading into the wide front hall. The curved walnut stairway leading up from the hall was as solid as a rock. The windows were tall and arched, with interesting stone masonry on the outside and beautiful wood molding and shutters inside. There were double parlors on the east with two fireplaces. There were eleven open fireplaces and marble mantels. The ceilings had plaster of paris moldings called el fresco. At one time the walls were painted pale green with delicate pink flowers and deep green leaves. I have attended meetings in the room when the two windows outlined with lacy grillwork, framed the pink magnolia in full bloom. The ceilings, moldings and stairway were still in excellent condition when the lovely old house was torn down to make way for a modern religious education building. It was a great loss to many of us.

Mrs. Barbour's house at 306 W. Main was a Victorian frame house. She kept roomers and boarders. She was portly, witty and charming and lived to be very old. She loved to play cards and would sometimes nod between plays, but never missed a trick. She and Miss Mary Hull belonged to the Whist club. Her granddaughter Frances and my sister Jane were playmates. During a yellow fever epidemic in the south some southern families fled to Carbondale to escape. The hotel was full. Mrs. Barbour's and many other Main Street homes were thrown open to them. The town took on a resort atmosphere.

Mr. Frank T. Joyner built a frame house, colonial style, at 312 W. Main, painted a soft yellow with white trim. Later the Barney Craines lived there. Joe and Pearl were our friends. They had a big touring car, called a Pilot.

At 400 W. Main Mr. James Johnson, a lumber man, had a frame house with a small circular porch. Mrs. Johnson and her two daughters often sat there. Miss Callie did handpainted china and water colors. Miss Bessie sang solos in the Presbyterian Church. She married T. B. F. Smith, a lawyer, and they continued to live there after her parents died. Upstairs was an attractive circular room with many windows, rented to teachers at the Normal. Miss Grace Jones and Miss Mae Trovillion were among those who lived there. After Mrs. Smith's death Mae Trovillion and T. B. F. were married and lived there.

A house of unusual architecture was next. Very wide steps led from the ground floor to the second floor. Our entire school, from across the street, had our picture taken on those wide steps. The house was lowered and remodeled for Mr. Lou Rapp and his bride Martha Montgomery. I remember the beautiful flower beds of tulips and hyacinths in the spring.

Mr. Isaac Rapp, contractor and architect, lived at 406 W. Main in a white frame house with a red roof and a widows walk. Mr. Rapp was usually sitting on the comfortable front porch in good weather, smoking his pipe. He was very friendly and always sponed when we passed. In the spring there was a screen of pink Doroth Perkins roses and purple clematis blooming. Mr. Rapp built Old Main and the Altgeld buildings on the campus. He also built the original Colonel Brush home and the Chapman/Campbell house, later known as the Baptist Annex. His last work was supervising the building of the Presbyterian Church from the plans of his son, Cornelius Ward Rapp.

Mrs. Rapp's name was Georgeina. She was a tiny New York City lady who

## *Carbondale Remembered*

came to Carbondale as a bride. She made afternoon calls in an open carriage driven by an old colored man, and she carried a small black ruffled sunshade. They had nine children, two girls and seven boys. Some of the boys became well known architects. The firm of Rapp brothers is known in Chicago and St. Louis for their beautiful, ornate theaters. Hamilton Rapp designed the Colorado capitol at Denver, Colorado. One daughter, Harriet, married General Daniel Harmon Brush, Jr., of the U. S. Army. As they were often stationed in faraway places their sons Harmon and Rapp spent much time from school with their grandparents. Another daughter, Mrs. Bullock, was an army widow and lived there with her son, Edwin. She later married Frank Clements of an old Carbondale family and they continued to live there after Mr. and Mrs. Rapp died. Edwin and Rapp (Ted and Dash) were our very good friends. Harmon Brush had a mandolin and went to the University of Illinois. He taught us the college songs and "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi". In the winter time we had candy pulls. Dash went to Phillips Exeter Academy and later went into the army like his father. He became a general. Edwin studied architecture at Urbana and joined the Rapp brothers firm in Chicago.

Dr. Henry C. Mitchell, our cousin, lived west of the Rapps, at 408 W. Main. Their house had a wide, curved front porch with Greek columns, supporting an upper porch with white spindled balustrade. It was a hospitable home and cousin Adella was a gracious hostess. They had three daughters and two sons, Ed, the older son, went to West Point. John played divine ragtime on their baby grand piano. My brother Ruffin and John were pals and considered wits. Both Ed and John studied medicine and became pediatricians.

Next was the home of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Scurlock. He was with the American Express Company and one of their sons worked for the Express in Hammond, Louisiana. He sent home southern yams and strawberries. They had several sons but no daughters. At one time Mrs. Scurlock had a high board "spite fence" built between their home and Dr. Mitchells, much to the embarrassment of our cousins. They said they never knew why it was built. Years later the Scurlock house was moved to Almond Street and the Dr. McNally house was moved to that site, to make way for a new post office. Mr. Charles Hamilton converted this house into four apartments, one of which was the first home of our son Bill and his wife Helen.

Mrs. Marron and her daughter Minnie lived at 606 W. Main. She sewed and often made clothes for my sisters and me. She saved Delineator Magazines for us to cut out paper dolls. She was one of Carbondale's first professional baby sitters. I remember the big chestnut tree in her front yard.

Mrs. Cox lived at 512 Main in a tiny house with many small rooms and she had a fine persimmon tree in her yard. She sold cosmetics and corsets, also panty waists with buttons and supportors.

Main Street was a quiet, peaceful street at the turn of the century. Now it has become commercial, with offices and great neon signs. A constant stream of cars, police cars, trucks, trailers and fire engines go by. You can almost see the world go by, beautiful house trailers and lovely boats. I glanced out the window one day and to my amazement saw a man riding an elephant—a promotion scheme for the new shopping center. Most of the fine old Oak trees are gone, the serenity, and the sweet, gentle people. We sold our house in 1973 to Congressman Paul Simon.



## OAK STREET (BEFORE 1910)

*Julia Etherton*

At the turn of the century in Carbondale Main Street, Walnut and Oak were lined with tall, sturdy trees and had many fine old homes. I will try to recall some of those I can remember on Oak Street and the families who built them.

I had my fourth birthday soon after moving to Carbondale and our first home was on the southwest corner of Oak and Illinois. Across the street, north was the home of the Al Elliotts, later our neighbors on Walnut Street. Later, cousins of ours, the Hinchcliffs lived there. The children had a private tutor and it was fun to visit their classroom when a small girl. Still later this same house was occupied by a negro family named Kelley. Mr. Kelley worked for the Illinois Central railroad and the children attended the Normal school with us. Dr. O'Hara had a large house on the south side of the street. I remember his grandson Myron O'Hara.

The Crenshaws lived on the corner of Normal Avenue and Oak. The Huffmans lived where their Funeral Home now stands. Across Normal Ave., on the northeast corner was the home of Isaac Clements, 300 W. Oak, a distinguished looking gentleman with beautiful white hair. He was the father of Frank Clements, a prominent Carbondale business man for many years. Dr. Clements, Sr., moved to Danville, Ill. as superintendant of the big Soldiers and Sailors' home there. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Eckhard later lived in this house. The daughter Gertrude was married there. They had formerly lived in the John A. Logan House at 400 W. Oak for several years, according to another daughter, Mrs. Mae Eckhard Jones.

The 1905 Carbondale City directory lists more homes on west and east Oak than any street in town and I can only recall a few of them. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Searing and their children John and Clara lived on the street. Mrs. Searing was active in club work. Then there was the Mertz house, a low one story set back from the street among tall trees. Dora Mertz gave piano lessons. Bertie Mertz married Jock McEwen and they built a home west on Oak Street.

Next were two houses built just alike. My good friend Nina Shelton lived in one. The Henry Fraley family lived there for many years. The W. H. Ashleys lived on a corner lot at 318 W. Oak. Their house was built by Isaac Rapp. Mrs. Ashley was the daughter of Frank Chapman who owned the beautiful old house on Main Street which was later known as the Baptist Church parsonage, described elsewhere. This place for many years has been known as the McGinniss house.

The next house west was the home of General John A. Logan during the Civil War days. It has been remodeled and changed so much there is little resemblance to the original. I remember it as the home of the Curtis family. Mr. Curtis operated a flour mill, known as the Curtis and Rogers Mill.

## *Carbondale Remembered*

Another house set back among trees belonged to the Salters, early residents. It was later bought by N. H. Dowdell. The Friedlines lived on the corner of Poplar Street. The Jesse Winters built a house in the next block. I went there often to visit their daughter, Helen. Next was John Millers, at 600 W. Oak, then Dr. McKinneys, and on the corner of Springer St. lived the Hamptons, now apartments.

Across the street, opposite corner, the E. E. Scott's built a fine two story frame house with wide porches, a hospitable house and the Scott's enjoyed entertaining. Later this house was the home of the R. E. Bridges family. It is now apartments. On the southwest corner of Oak and Almond Mr. Shelton built a fine new home on a high beautiful lot. Mr. Shelton had a big grocery store. Nina was married in the bay window there.

There is a very old small house on the corner of Poplar. It belonged to Mrs. Wilson and her daughter Helen, called Pet, who married Mr. John Evans. She returned to live in the old home and died there recently, blind, and over 90 years old.

John and Constance Stotlar built their first home on the corner of Poplar about 1908. Raymond Stotlar was born there. The Sod Kimmels lived next door with son Jim. The Crawshaws were early residents of Oak Street, the house is now apartments. Mr. Charles Hundley built a home for his sister Mrs. George Stocks. I think this was the house later owned by the C. C. Stotlars and then sold to the Marshall Batson family. There was a small house that belonged to John Barton, the editor of the Carbondale Herald. Mrs. Barton was small, sweet and loved by all. Their sons lived in the Philippines, an interesting family.

Judge Marion Youngblood, a forceful speaker and orator of the old school, lived in a two story house still standing, across the street from the Logan house, according to Mae Eckhard Jones. Later his son Joe Youngblood, an I. C. conductor, and his large family lived there.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Porter lived on Oak Street when Margaret and Evelyn were small children. Mrs. Porter died there of pneumonia. Later this was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Renfro, Sr., for many years.

In 1900 some of the neighborhood women formed the Oak Street circle which is still in existence and meets monthly. Mrs. John Harris Barton was the first president. A 1903 picture of the group which is owned by Bill Ashley, shows the following, identified by last name only in some instances: Dowdell, Allen, Henry, Mertz, Mertz, Cassie Curtis, Phillips, Hickham, Blanche Hewitt, Julie Kimmel, Emma Ashley, L. Ashley, Barton, Nellie Searing, Shelton.

The group held an annual masquerade party on Halloween night with guests, one of the social events of the year. The idea of the annual Halloween Mardi gras parade held in Carbondale for many years until the late 1920's originated with this group, according to an article in the Carbondale Free Press in 1950 reporting the commemoration of the Circle's fiftieth year. In 1950 Mrs. Charles Ashley was president, Mrs. Harry Rude, vice-president, Mrs. Michael Foley, secretary-treasurer.

Oak Street's most famous resident, John A. Logan, lived there from 1867-1871, when he moved to Chicago. The house was probably built in 1861 by Jerome Bishop. The years have taken their toll of the old homes and the once elegant old street is now hardly recognizable.

## I REMEMBER MAIN STREET

*Martha McCammon Clark*

My father was appointed to serve the Methodist Church of Carbondale in 1903 and served until 1918. Early in October he and his family moved into a little cottage next to the then imposing frame structure of the church located at 210 on Main Street near the downtown area. Five of us, father, mother and three children stayed the first night at the home of Dr. McAnally at the corner of Main and Normal Avenue. The big seven bedroom house really impressed us children. There were no paved streets. We endured dust ankle deep in the summer and mud or frozen ruts in the winter. In the summer the watering cart passed up and down this area in the morning and afternoon "laying the dust" for a short while.

Travel was entirely by horse and buggy and we found hitching posts in front of houses and places of business. Behind us on Jackson Street were livery stables where one could house his horses or rent a horse and buggy when needed. Living near such stables did not make for very sanitary conditions. The rats used to find their way into our root cellar under the kitchen floor.

The church was of white clapboard with a 90 foot spire and a big bell in the belfry, so big that two of us children would hang on the rope and still couldn't make it ring. Across the street was a small frame building housing Dr. J. T. McAnally's office. Later, while we lived there, he built a two story brick building where WCIL is now housed. In the same block was a two story building with the offices of Dr. Entsminger the dentist on the first floor and the library above, also a small brick building housing the newspaper, The Carbondale Free Press.

Next to the church to the east was a building with the offices of Dr. H. C. Mitchell. Both doctors belonged to the Methodist Church. I can't remember how we divided our patronage. In fact, I can't remember being ill. Beyond Dr. Mitchell's offices, on the corner, was Patton's Drug and Book store.

On the southwest corner of Main and Illinois was Scott's Dry Goods store, where we bought clothing. One year at Christmas time my mother won a beautiful doll by having a lucky number. I think my father looked askance, but mother cherished her prize and only let us children look at it. Back it went into its tissue paper wrappings. Years later it just disintegrated from old age.

About two doors north of Patton's on Illinois Avenue was a saloon and in the window there was a pen of writhing black snakes. I was too frightened to do much more than glance at them. During his ministry father was active in the Temperance movement, helping lead a campaign for local option in the city. Naturally he incurred opposition, even physical violence. All of us children were so proud of a bicycle which the church had given him to make his calls. During this temperance campaign someone stole his bicycle from its parking place by a tree in the yard.

On lazy summer afternoons we often sat on the church steps where we had a vantage point to watch "old 55", a switch engine on the Illinois Central tracks

## *Carbondale Remembered*

that dominated the town, then as now. From the sound of the engine and its bell we could tell when we would soon see the black familiar steam engine pushing cars around. After a sharp summer rain shower we would go barefoot into the street to make mud pies with our feet. We would get cleaned off by pumping water over our feet at the well before going into the house. Occasionally, my good friend, the daughter of Dr. McAnally, and I would accompany him in his rig when he drove out into the country to see some patient. I was petrified when we crossed the railroad tracks for fear a train would come bearing down on us.

I was six years old when we moved to Carbondale and had my first grade in the old Presbyterian Church on Monroe Street, which was evidently an overflow situation for the public schools. I learned to read early and easily and loved to read at all times. Little girls wore aprons over their dresses in school then. I had a starched white apron to wear on Fridays. My mother has told me that I always came home "a mess" because I loved to stay and help my teacher clean and wash the blackboards. To be allowed to clean the dusty erasers was a treat. I was sent to the Normal Training School for the next four years, a good mile's walk out to the campus.

As school children, our diversions were all self-originated. I remember playing ball, having races and beating the boys, for I could "run like the wind" as my grandmother said. My brother did not like to have me beat him. The "granatoid" sidewalks which were built out to the campus were wonderful for bouncing balls. All my friends had hard rubber black balls, but not I. They cost a quarter and I knew better than to ask for such an amount for a ball. So what did I do? I prayed. I was a true believer in the power of prayer. Hadn't I been raised with such faith? One day as I sat disconsolately near the street praying for a hard rubber ball I saw a quarter lying in the dust. For the next hour or so I asked every passerby if he had lost a quarter, hoping no one would claim it. Finally I ran to my father with the quarter and the story. He said he guessed my prayer had been answered and I promptly bought my hard rubber ball.

Father built us a tree house, a wonderful spot for reading, and we had a huge swing hanging from a tree limb, as well as a chair swing in the yard. On rainy days I played at my friend's house nearby and we spent long hours creating dresses for paper dolls of all ages and varieties. I was always interested in the clothes of the young ladies who used to go to our church. They wore merry-widow hats, skirts and fancy blouses, and long gloves. I remember wearing white dresses on Sunday in the summertime with fancy ribbon sashes, and hats, anchored under our chin with an elastic band. One Easter the milliner made me a white leghorn hat trimmed with pink and white poppies, just like my best friend's hat. How I loved it. But my friend didn't wear her hat anymore. She got a new blue one.

When I was in the fourth grade everyone was getting roller skates. Again I was faced with a dilemma and Christmas was too far away. I was taught to be resourceful and I soon found a way to work for my skates. The Free Press was running a series of advertisements which contained some misspelled words. If one got all the words and spelled them correctly and was the first to present the list at the newspaper office he received a dollar. I could never be the first in line. One day my grandmother who lived with us said, "Get your list all correct and we will be first in line". She pulled herself and me from bed at four o'clock the next morning and we were first in line. I received my dollar, bought the roller skates and early learned that the Lord helps those who help themselves. We

skated to school on the wonderful new walks along Normal Avenue.

Sometimes there were street fairs or carnivals set up right in front of the church. I remember the gay music, the men barking their attractions, the merry-go-round and the little tent shows. Grandmother, with no particular position to maintain in the community, used to take my brother and me for an occasional ride on the merry-go-round. I sat in a seat but he was really daring and rode a horse. Then we would have a treat of spun sugar candy.

Sometimes in the summer the young people of the church would have ice cream socials. They were great fun. While the adults sat and talked at tables the children would run wildly in our yard playing "hide and go seek" and other noisy games.

Our lives were simple and uncomplicated in those days. Memories of life in Carbondale at the turn of the century and of friendships made then are pleasant ones. They come through the memories of a skinny little girl with long black pig-tails, long since grown up to become a grandmother with gray hair.



## I REMEMBER WEST COLLEGE STREET

*May Dorsey*

College Street was so named because it extended to the entrance of Carbondale College, which name was changed to Southern Illinois College in 1866 when it was sold to the Christian Church by the builders, Colonel Daniel Harmon Brush and James Campbell. It functioned with moderate success until the early 1870's when the Southern Illinois Normal University began classes. The College building was used as a public school building and around 1905 was given the name Lincoln School, which it is now called, but it was usually referred to as the "College". A new building was added by the board of education in 1949. However, the original college building was in use until it was razed in 1967.

The old brick building had three floors. The lower floor, which was partly below ground level, had two large rooms, one for fifth grade and one for sixth grade. I was a pupil in the sixth grade with Miss Julia Errett as teacher. The fifth grade was taught by Miss Nell Troy.

On the second floor were rooms for the primary and intermediate grades. Grades seven and eight and the two-year high school occupied the top floor. There were two small class rooms at the east side of the second floor for individual and class use. The principal of the school and teacher of the high school classes was Will C. Fly. Miss Hattie Bowyer, an aunt of Dr. John Taylor, was the music teacher. She directed the chorus and planned the music for special programs.

I did not attend seventh and eighth grades at "The College". My father was a teacher in the country one room schools, one year at the Hiller School east of Makanda, and the following year at the Jones School east of Carbondale. To graduate from the eighth grade all pupils were required to go to the Murphysboro Court House and take a written examination conducted by the County Superintendent of Schools, who at that time was Emma Bryan. The examination was on all the general subjects we had studied while in eighth grade. I passed the examination and could enter high school at the "College". My class of twelve students was graduated in 1903. The graduation program was held in the Opera House, on the third floor above the E. K. Porter drug store. The Bank of Carbondale now occupies the building.

West College Street was not a long street, extending only from East Street (now Washington Street) to what is now Forest Street. Beyond that were cornfields, pasture land and blackberry bushes. It was a pretty tree-lined street and during the summer months the well kept lawns and colorful flower beds reflected the pride the residents had in their environment.

Most of the families had vegetable gardens and shared their products with their neighbors. Some families kept a cow and sold milk for five cents a quart. There were also chickens. I remember one man who had a flock of chickens he called to feed to tunes of familiar songs. His favorite was "Chick, chicky, chick chick, chick, chick, chicky, chick" to the tune of "Go Tell Aunt Rhodie".

As there was no city ordinance to prohibit live stock in town several families had horses, a few had pigs, even a goat. The cows were taken to the pasture land west of Forest Street. The horses were used for transportation to and from places of business or for pleasure riding. There were carriages and smaller run-a-bout buggies without a top for shade or rain. I remember the Louden young men passing our house in a run-a-bout, with their best girl friend, she wearing a wide brimmed sailor hat tied down with a wide scarf to protect her hair and hat from the wind.

College Street was a friendly neighborhood. The women visited with their neighbors, not just a short call but most of the afternoon. If the weather was too warm to sit inside (there were no air-conditioners or electric fans) chairs were on the porches or in the shade of a big tree on the shady side of the house. The porches were furnished with easy wicker chairs, a porch swing, a table with a bouquet of garden flowers. Once the porch was furnished in the spring we could be sure it would be like that during the entire summer. We had no fear of having the furniture and rugs carried away during the night.

We wore our second best dresses to go visiting. The older women sometimes wore long white aprons. The afternoon was spent in hand sewing, crocheting, tatting and much conversation. Refreshments of ice cream and cake, or a choice fruit salad and iced tea or lemonade were served.

Most of the business and professional interests of the town were represented including aspiring young musicians, of which I was one. Scott Joplin had just published his ragtime music. That was a new rhythm and everyone who owned a piano was playing, or trying to play "Maple Leaf Rag". As the windows were open their efforts could be heard by all.

To know who the residents were at the turn of the century we begin at the "College" on East Street and walk west ward. At the corner of East and College, where the glove factory building now stands, was the home of a Mr. and Mrs. Dixon and several teenage children. Cross the railroad and we come to West (Illinois) Street. On the southwest corner of the intersection stands a big brick house where Bleyers College Shop is now. This was the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Damron Fly, parents of Will C. Fly, principal of the high school and grandparents of Raymond and Virginia Fly. The front portion was added to make room for the Raymond and Alice Fly dress shop, which they operated until a few years ago. On the northwest corner across from the Fly home was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Howell and four children, Ethel, Fred, Joe and Royal. Mr. Howell owned and operated the Howell grocery in the block north of Atwoods Pharmacy. Just west of the Howells lived Mr. and Mrs. Ed Travelstead and daughter Edna - now Mrs Wm. Kauffman. Mr. Travelstead and his twin brother Hez were barbers. Their shop was located where Eaton's Appliance store is now. It was the first shop in town to introduce and use modern equipment. The Travelsteads later moved to So. Poplar St.

The intersection of College and Missouri, later called Normal Ave. and now called University Ave., was the main crossing place for pupils from the "College" and the Normal. On the southeast corner of this intersection was a large brick house - we called it the plastered house because it had been stuccoed or plastered many times. A Mrs. Hobbs, son Tom and daughter Tillie lived there. Tillie later married Fred Snyder, son of Mike Snyder, a prominent farmer. Miss Martha Buck, a member of the first faculty of the Normal, lived in the house south of the Hobbs home with her niece Mrs. Zuck and small daughter Edna. Miss Buck

## *Carbondale Remembered*

moved to a home on Main St. across from the Baptist Church around 1905.

On the northeast corner was the Campbell home. Mr. Campbell was a grocer. They had three children, Will, George and Ethel. Will married Elsie Brooks, George married Georgia Bird and Ethel married Sam Hill. Their daughter is now Mrs. Francis Hewitt. Just north of the Campbells, on Normal Ave., was a large two story house where Mr. and Mrs. "Buck" (Lou) Lightfoot and daughter Ella lived. Mr. Lightfoot was a well known lawyer. While not on College St. they were very much a part of the neighborhood. Ella became a teacher. Lou Lightfoot was known as an excellent cook. Many of her recipes appear in a cookbook published by the Christian Church.

On the northwest corner stands a beautiful red brick house, the home of Dr. and Mrs. Henry Lightfoot, a daughter Anna and son Edgar. Dr. Henry was a brother of "Buck" Lightfoot. Their father had built the house around 1880. Dr. Lightfoot was an excellent family doctor. Anna became a teacher and at one time she and her cousin Ella went to Wyoming to teach. A request had come to the Normal for teachers in Wyoming schools. After 1914 this house was occupied by Prof. E. G. Lentz and his family for more than forty years. Prof. Lentz was a teacher and dean of men at S.I.N.U. Both he and Mrs. Lentz were active members of the First Baptist Church and in civic affairs of Carbondale. They had four children, Agnes, Mrs. J. W. D. Wright, Blanche, Mrs. Orwin Pugh, Gilbert and Kathryn, Mrs. Thomas O'Kane.

At the southwest corner in a rambling big frame house lived Judge and Mrs. W. W. Barr and two daughters, Jessie, who married R. E. Steele, and Bertie who married Dr. Hallie Keesee, a Carbondale physician. Bertie was active in civic musical programs.

West of the Lentz home, on College St., was a large frame house where Mr. and Mrs. Jim Spence lived. Mr. Spence was a real estate dealer. They had five daughters, Bertha (Mrs. Will Fly), Mamie (Mrs. Dr. Ernest Neber) Grace (Mrs. Charles Rendleman, a farmer.) They moved to Canada where Grace still lives. Two younger daughters were Edith and Jessie. On the south side of the street across from the Spence home Will and Bertha Fly built a brick home where they lived with their two children Raymond and Virginia. This house still stands. It is now painted a dirty green color and is occupied by students. Mrs. Fly was known as a very meticulous housekeeper.

Next door west of the Fly house lived Mr. and Mrs. Crate (Ida) Winchester and daughter Hallie. Mr. Winchester was a retired farmer and carpenter. They had formerly lived on Normal Ave. where they kept roomers. Hallie married Ralph Arnold and they moved to Sioux City, Iowa where Ralph was an architect in the state architect's office.

Just west of the Winchesters was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred (Fannie) Borger and three children, Leota, Charles, Mable (Mrs. Phil Austin). Mr. Borger was a butcher and operated a butchershop for many years in the building south of the present Golde store. Charles became a pharmacist and had a drug store in the same location.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Harris built a large house on the northwest corner of Ash and College. Mr. Harris was a railway mail clerk. They had five children, Velma (Mrs. Harrison Wilson) Eula, (Mrs. Ryburn Colp) their son Bill is manager of the New Haven Nursing Home in East Carbondale, Arline (Mrs. Hughes), Harley and Bernard. Others in the same block on the south side of College were the Hudspeth family, he was a barber, Mr. and Mrs. James Biggs, an engineer for

the I. C. Railroad, the Fred Pabst family, children Fred and Winifred, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Whiteside (Viola), children Mildred and Marjorie who is now Mrs. John Wharton. Mr. Wharton, now retired taught music at S. I. U. and is an excellent violinist. They have one daughter, Jean, also a violinist. Mr. Whiteside was a flour salesman.

Just off College on Beveridge St. was the home of Hester McGuire, son Joe and daughter Mabel. Joe was editor of the Carbondale Free Press for many years. Mabel married Isaac Caldwell. Across the street from the McGuire home lived the two sisters and brother of Mrs. McGuire, Rose, Grace and Frank Perry. Rose was a saleslady in a downtown store. Grace kept roomers and often helped the neighbors with house work. Frank did odd jobs in town and delivered groceries. We could always know when Frank was near. He was always whistling his favorite song, "My Pretty Red Wing".

502 College was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Hill (Anna) and six children. Mr. Hill was a printer; son Parker a merchant; Sam became a produce salesman and later established his own produce company on No. Illinois Ave., he married Ethel Campbell; Bert worked for the Carbondale Herald newspaper, becoming editor. He was mayor of Carbondale at one time. The girls in the Hill family were Nan, a saleslady in a downtown store, Jennie (Mrs. Will Heern), and Eva, the youngest.

At 508 lived the Wm. and Susan Armstrong family, children Ben, Gate, Nettie and Sarah. Mr. Armstrong had a grocery store on the corner of the yard. The building is there now, owned by Mrs. Harry Nicholaides. Leonard and Lester Turner are grandsons of Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong. 507 College was the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Thomas and three children, Charles, Emma and Catherine. Mr. Thomas was a blacksmith and had a shop in the east part of town. Charles became a telegraph operator. He married Mary Brush, a great neice of Col. D. H. Brush. Emma married Bill Smith, Catherine married Arch Brubaker whose daughter is Dora Brubaker. The Thomases moved around the corner to a house on S. Poplar St. and their house at 507 was rented to Mr. and Mrs. John (Nannie) Youngblood. He was a conductor for the I. C. 507 was finally sold to Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey. Mrs. Lindsey was the mother of Annie and Frank Hayden. Annie married Tony Young, a railway postal clerk. The house is now owned by Mrs. Edna Brewer.

A never to be forgotten place was the B. J. Club, on the northeast corner of Poplar and College, an oasis for the hungry students of the Normal. Misses Hattie and Fannie Mayhew, sisters of Mrs. C. C. Thomas, served three meals a day to students. The house was a large two-story building with a big porch extending across the front and part of one side. A large bay window on the second floor extended out over the porch. The price of meals for one week was \$2.75. Mrs. Lloyd Paethel has a picture of the house with about 40 students standing on the porch. Mr. Paethel was one of the student boarders. The club house is gone, replaced by three small houses on that corner.

Mr. and Mrs. Low Winchester and sons Denver and Dallas lived on the southeast corner of College and Poplar. Mr. Winchester was a brother of Crate Winchester. He was a retired farmer and carpenter. Dallas at one time was a special police agent for the I. C. He married Delia Etherton.

One of the fine old homes stood on the northwest corner of College and Poplar. It had been built by a Mrs. Hall, a sister of Mr. Charles Sheppard, a downtown merchant. The house was a large two story house it had a wide

## *Carbondale Remembered*

entrance hall with a winding stairway to the second floor. The door and window casings were hand carved in a beautiful design. At the turn of the century Rev. H. H. Branch, pastor of the First Baptist Church lived there with his wife and six children, Herbert, Russell, John, Jean, William and one small daughter. I remember attending a birthday party there given for one of the boys. The birthday cake had several articles baked in it, a kind of fortune cake. The piece served to me had a small gold ring, which indicated that the finder would have an early marriage. That ring did nothing for me, then or now. I still have the ring. When the Branch family left the house was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Smith, who had been living on W. Elm St. in a house owned by Miss Charlotte Hanson. Mr. Smith was part owner of the Smith-Rhinehart wholesale grocery firm of Marion. There were seven boys and two girls; Tom, Ed, Fred, William, George, Clarence, Paul, Ruth and Helen. George was interested in music and was a member of a men's quartet with Ralph Elliott, Frank Thompson and Bob Teeter. Ruth, after graduation from S.I.N.U., married Dr. H. B. Hendrix of Memphis, Tenn. Helen studied piano with George Brush, became an accomplished pianist and teacher of piano. She was music critic teacher in the laboratory school at S.I.N.U. She is now Mrs. E. W. Vogler, Sr.

The cottage at 601 College was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Starzinger children Ethel and Louis. Mr. Starzinger was a meatcutter with a business downtown. The family later built a larger home at 713 College. 601 had several changes. A one room store building was built on the west half of the lot. My father, C. A. Dorsey, had a grocery store there after he quit teaching. He later moved the store downtown to the southwest corner of Walnut and Illinois. Later Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt occupied the building and operated a grocery store. After a fire destroyed the store the DeWitts moved away. The dwelling was remodeled and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Berry operated a grocery store. After the death of Mr. Berry Tom and Alberta Entsminger bought and operated the business. The building is torn down and the land is now a parking lot.

My parents purchased the house at 605 in 1907. The small house had been built by Mr. Spain where he lived with his wife and two daughters Gladys and Pansy. In 1922 we remodeled the house, making it two story as it is now and where I now live.

During the early period of 1900 our neighbors to the west at 609 were Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Marvin, daughters Harriett, Anna, Julia, sons Fritz Jr., George and Charles who is now on the S.I.U. police force. After the Marvins moved to a farm their house was sold to Mr. and Mrs. George (Nellie) Wright, mechanic for the I. C., children Ira, Bob, John, Henry, Fannie. The house at 609 had been built by Mr. H. A. Whitney before 1900. He had a son, Will Whitney. Mrs. Whitney was the mother of Stuart, Pearl and Jessie Brainard. The Whitneys had moved to a home on W. Mill Street before 1907.

613 College was the home of Mr. and Mrs. John (Alice) Batson, children Helen and Gordon. Mr. Batson was a barber. He and his brother Marshall had a barber shop downtown. A younger son, Dean, is now pharmacist on the S.I.U. campus. A fire partially destroyed their home. The Batsons moved to Murphysboro. The property was sold to Lawson Fore, who rebuilt the house. Mr. Fore was secretary for the Carbondale Savings and Loan Association for many years. Dr. and Mrs. Henry Rehn, retired from S.I.U. faculty now live there.

606 College on the north side is a large two story frame house built by Miss Minnie Fryar, who at that time was the librarian at S.I.N.U. The former



Fryar home was on the southeast corner of Poplar and Cherry, (one of the oldest houses in Carbondale?) now owned by Dr. T. L. Bryant. Miss Minnie had a sister May who married Dr. A. L. Golightly. Miss Minnie married Harvey Kessler. The house was rented to Miss Kate Marmaduke who made a home for her nieces Mae and Lulu, sisters of Harvey Marmaduke, the father of our well known Virginia Marmaduke.

Another lovely old home stood at 608 on the northeast corner of College and Rawlings, built for Mr. and Mrs. Wm. (Miamah) Etherton. They were parents of James, Homer and Dr. (Mun). James was married to Vinnie Lee and lived on Normal Ave. with three children, Leona, Ruby and J. Everett. James became president of the Carbondale National Bank. Dr. MUN, a well known family doctor, also lived on Normal Ave. Homer lived with his mother at 608. He and Art Lee operated a grocery store on North Illinois in the location later of the Kayser grocery, south of the present Rhodes-Burford furniture store. Art Lee was a brother of Mrs. James (Vinnie) Etherton. The Wm. Etherton house was later occupied by the Hines family. Mrs. Hines was the aunt of Ernest Hemingway. Mrs. Hines moved to W. Main St.

Another family to occupy the Etherton house was that of Mr. and Mrs. Frank (Maud) Krysher, parents of Byron, Albert, Elizabeth, Margaret, Alice, John and Ella Frances. Mr. Krysher was mayor of Carbondale from 1919 to 1922. During this time W. College Street was paved with brick, a relief from the dust of summer and the mud of winter. The excavating and grading were done by horse and man power, bricks were laid by hand. The young children and some not so young, had fun walking barefoot in the sand. The small trees growing on the parkway often had the tops nipped off by the horses. The contractor for the College Street paving was Mr. Everett Prosser, Sr., father of Judge Everett Prosser and Mrs. Phil Kimmel.

West of Rawlings Street there were not many houses. Mr. and Mrs. Amer Hagler, retired farmers, built a home on the northwest corner of College and Rawlings. Mr. Hagler was a brother of Mrs. Fred Borger. Later, this was the residence of Rev. and Mrs. J. W. (Mary) Moore, daughters Hazel, Dorris, and son Lyman. Mr. Moore was a Southern Baptist minister, serving as pastor in area Southern Baptist churches. He was also superintendent of the anti-saloon league for ten years. Both Moore girls were musical. Hazel studied piano with Miss Dora Mertz and George Brush and violin with Ralph Swain of the S.I.N.U. music department. During this time she was married to Roscoe Jarrett, manager of the Rogers movie theater where Hazel played the organ. The organ was a large Wurlitzer theatre organ, the first and largest organ to be installed in Carbondale. Dorris studied voice with Joel Lay in Carbondale, then went to Chicago to the Bush Conservatory. From there she went to New York to study and for several years sang with the Radio City Music Hall under the direction of Erno Rapee. Lyman was on the Carbondale police force several years, following service with the army in World War I.

Mr. and Mrs. John (Essie) Borger, Edwin, Clarence, Raymond, John, Henry, Mary, and Beulah lived just north of the Hagler house on Rawlings. They were very much a part of the College Street neighborhood.

A well known family was that of Prof. W. O. Brown, children Martha, Marjorie, Van and Leo who lived west of the Moores. Prof. Brown came to S.I.N.U. from Union county to set up the rural education program. Van and Leo studied medicine. Van served with the navy for many years. Leo married Mary



## *Carbondale Remembered*

Barrow and practised in the Southern Illinois area. Both have served on the S.I.U. board of trustees.

On the south side of the street at 701 lived Mrs. McGinnis and son Herbert Harris who was a post office employee. Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel (Laura) Lipe retired from their farm near Boskydel and built a new home at 705 College where they lived with a daughter Mae. A son Lester chose to stay on the farm with his wife Mabel and children Wilburn, William and Margaret (Mrs. Monroe Demming). Mae Lipe married Homer Fox. They had one daughter, Lyndall (Mrs. Carl Kiefer). After the death of Mr. Fox Mae became a teacher at Brush school where she remained until retirement. During this time she built a new home at 703 where she and her mother lived. Mr. Lipe's house was rented to Mr. and Mrs. Ed (Pearl) Thrailkill, sons Howard and Paul, daughter Marian. Mr. Thrailkill was a railway mail clerk. Howard became a music supervisor and teacher in Murphysboro, later at Stamford, Conn. Marian taught at Shimer College, Mt. Carroll, Ill., later was in real estate in Mt. Prospect, Ill. Paul was a teacher in Crab Orchard School, later a railway mail clerk. The family moved from College St. to 701 W. Freeman where son Edwin Merrill was born. He was a flyer in World War II where he was lost in action.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank (Emma) Hiller returned to College St. in 1917 to build a new house just west of the Lipe house. Mr. Hiller was a postal clerk and mail carrier, one daughter Leslie (Mrs. John Bryant). 713 was the Starzinger home, beyond that were vacant lots and the Schwartz pear orchard.

My own interests centered in the music and art fields of education. My first music lessons in voice and piano were from Mrs. Charles Sheppard, mother of Ellouise Sheppard. Mrs. Sheppard and Prof. R. V. Black of the S.I.N.U. advised me to study art which I studied with music in Indianapolis.

College Street had a girls' quartet, Maud Groaning, Hallie Winchester, Addie Entsminger and I, coached by Prof. Black. We sang often for school and civic programs.

Four members of the S.I.N.U. class of 1909 lived on College St. Velma Harris, Hallie Winchester, Annie Hayden and I, May Dorsey. Perhaps no other street, tho short, contributed as much to the business and professional life of Carbondale as did West College. There was a feeling of good home environment, a sense of right and wrong, a desire to create an atmosphere for good living. Church attendance was an important part of the week's activities. It is the people who create the environment, a feeling of friendship and neighborliness.

Nice folks, those West College Street residents.

## I REMEMBER NORMAL AVENUE

*Blanche Lentz Pugh*

This street name was changed from Missouri Avenue to Normal Avenue before 1905. In 1945 it was changed again to University Avenue. West Street became Illinois Avenue in 1915.

We moved to Carbondale in September 1914. We arrived by train from Marion, Illinois and took a livery hack out to 520 Normal Ave. the house which was to be our home. It was a square two-story brick with a wooden porch across the front and it had a metal roof that was really noisy when it rained or the woodpeckers got to work. It was built about 1880 by Dr. R. P. Lightfoot who died in 1889. His widow lived there and their son Dr. H. P. Lightfoot.

I remember the large shade trees, the pink Dorothy Perkins rose on a trellis in the north yard and a very large crepe myrtle on the south side. The house had fifteen foot ceilings and long living room windows reaching to the floor. My sister Kathryn and I made doll houses on the twelve inch wide window sills. Our only heat that first winter was from wrought iron fireplaces in the living and dining rooms, and the kitchen stove. A cistern at the back furnished water pumped into the "old kitchen", which was evidently an addition to the original house. A small brick house in the rear we called the "wash house" and I recall its damp basement that had snails in it.

In those days Normal Avenue was lined with tall maple trees in which orioles nested and after a rain the brick sidewalks to the Normal squished as we walked to school.

South of us, across College Street was a large vacant lot with a huge elm tree in the center with a swing, where all the neighborhood kids gathered to play. It was part of the property of Judge W. W. Barr whose big white frame house at 608 Normal adjoined it. The house had a large stable and carriage house in the rear where George Billips lived who worked for the Judge. This house later became the home of the first fraternity at S.I.N.U. The Stotlar apartments now occupy the site. The Judge's office was over the Carbondale National Bank and he was driven to work in a surrey with fringe on the top by George Billips. The Barr pasture was across the alley and extended down to Mill Street. It had apple trees in it and was a favorite playground. That alley is now Thompson Street.

It was a great treat when George would harness up J. D. and take the neighborhood gang, Marvin Muckelroy, the Lentz group, and Virginia Fly down town to pick up the Judge or out to the Normal to get jugs of drinking water at the school power plant. Carbondale city water at that time was chlorinated and tasted awful. Mrs. Barr was an elegant old lady who wore high collared shirt waists. Her daughter, aunt Beppy Keesee, managed the household. Two grandchildren, Billy and Eleanor Steele from Salt Lake City spent a year there and were good friends of ours.

South of the Barr home, set back from the street, was a two-story stucco house where Ralph "TinEar" Johnson lived. His father, Charlie, was an Illinois

## *Carbondale Remembered*

legislator for several years and later mayor of Carbondale. Next, at 700 S. Normal, was the home of Dr. and Mrs. "Mun" Etherton and their three sons, Cy, Jay and Fred. At 708 was the house of Prof. Frank Collier, professor of geography at the Normal, and beyond this was a small white bungalow where Charlie Easterly lived at one time. He was another who served as mayor of Carbondale. Beyond this bungalow was the Smith house, built by Prof. Davis, with a large circular porch. This house is still occupied. There was a large vacant lot between this house and Mill Street, which was unpaved. Emma Bowyer, head of the English department, built an apartment building here but it has been torn down.

The southeast corner of Mill and Normal was a low lying cornfield and back of it on Mill Street was the Grater home and pasture. As children we used to walk there to buy buckets of milk.

A large frame structure was built on this corner which housed the first sorority. It was torn down, as were all the houses on the west side of Normal between Mill and Grand Avenue to become part of the S.I.U. campus. I cannot remember all the families who lived in these houses. There were the Sizemores and the home of James M. Etherton, president of the Carbondale National Bank, perhaps better remembered as Eb Etherton's father, who succeeded him as president of the bank. Back of the Etherton house was a big hill which was our favorite spot for coasting in winter. Our sleds often broke through the ice on the creek at the bottom of the hill. All this area is now included in the University school. Prof George M. Browne of the chemistry dept. lived next door at 902 S. Normal in a house built by Dr. Arthur Lee, father of Mrs. James (Vinnie) Etherton.

The last house in the block belonged to Prof. Hazen French, where Woody Hall now stands. Prof. French was a Botany teacher and curator of the museum located on the first floor of Old Main. He often drove his frail wife to town in a two-seated surry and some times invited school children to share the ride. Colonel E. J. Ingersol lived there with him after Mrs. French died. I remember the lovely grassy yard with its iron rail fence on the south side, especially in the spring when clumps of daffodils dotted the yard.

This brings us to the Normal, which at that time consisted of five buildings, Wheeler Library, Old Main, Altgeld Hall, which was the science building and the gymnasium, the Allyn building, where we went to the Training school, and Anthony Hall, the women's dormitory. The area where Shryock auditorium was built was part of the school playground.

Walking home on the east side of Normal Avenue we passed the home of Dr. Ernest Neber, the Weilers, the McCrackens, and the Hesslers, all frame houses. The home of Mrs. Carrie Neftzger, mother of Aline VanNatta, was a cottage set back on a large lot full of fruit trees. The Home Economics building and apartments cover this area. Next was the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. M. Renfro and their two sons, Francis (Hank) and Charles. Hank was the father of Charles Renfro, president of the First National Bank. The home of Judge Spiller was next. I often stopped there to play with Alma, now Mrs. Clyde Winkler. I will never forget my fifth grade teacher, Fadra Holmes, who roomed at the Spillers, and a whacking she gave me with a short piece of rubber hose for misbehaving. She was from New Orleans and used to tell us Uncle Remus stories. H. O. Hall, owner of a feed store, lived next and then the Phillips family on the corner of Mill and Normal. Lucy Phillips Stewart recently retired from the Home

Economics dept. North of Mill Street was a low, swampy area, now part of the Southgate shopping area. Dr. Brandon built a home there and R. E. Renfro and family lived in a brick bungalow in this block.

The Campbells lived on the northeast corner of Normal and College, in a one-story frame house with a large front porch and an outside pump. The Campbells owned a large grocery store in the middle of the block on Illinois Avenue, between the present Ben Franklin Store and the Hub Cafe. Mr. Campbell had a long beard. North of their house was that of Prof. Lorenzo Muckelroy, head of the agriculture department and the state farm. They had one son, Marvin. The house had been owned before them by Judge W. P. Lightfoot. Across the alley to the north was another group of small identical houses owned by Dr. Lewis. Amy Lewis Campbell, granddaughter of the Campbells, lived in one. She was given her name because she was the first baby born in the Lewis Hospital, later called Holden Hospital.

On the northeast corner of Oak Street and Normal Avenue was the two story house with large front porch where Nyle Huffman and his six brothers and sisters grew up. They moved there from Murphysboro about 1903. Opposite, on the northwest corner was a big house built by Isaac Clements which was later bought and remodeled by the family of E. B. Eckhard. On the northwest corner of Jackson and Normal was a large frame house built by Charles Sheppard. Bob Davis, owner and publisher of the Carbondale Free Press lived here with his wife who was Marie Kayser. The first Baptist Church was at Normal and Main Streets and across the street was the impressive big home which Dr. McAnally had built.

The Christian church at Monroe and Normal was much the same as today. Where the parking lot and commercial building now exists was a two story white frame house with porches upstairs and down where Hazel and Dorris Moore lived. On the present A&P parking lot stood a grey stone apartment owned by Albert Vancil. Between the Moore home and Walnut Street were four or five identical small frame houses built by Charles Reith.

Dr. John Lewis grew up in the house on the southwest corner of Walnut and Normal. Beyond this was the Presbyterian parsonage and the present Presbyterian Church, built in 1905, one of the few remaining buildings in Carbondale built by Isaac Rapp.

At the corner of Cherry and Normal the Thompson apartments were new. Adjoining, to the south, was the big old Thompson house with its third story tower, the home of Jennie (Bomb) Thompson, sister-in-law of Mrs. T. W. (Vinnie) Thompson. In this same block on the west side, lived Mr. and Mrs. Claude Fox, a druggist, and their daughter Margaret, then the Harmons, whose daughter Anna married Louis Renfro. This brings us back to the Lentz home, or the old Lightfoot property, as it was usually called, tho my parents lived in it for forty years.

## I REMEMBER POPLAR STREET

*Genevieve Felts Myers*

My early memories of Carbondale center around 206 S. Poplar Street where I grew up and lived until my marriage to Monroe Myers in 1925. In the parlor of the house there was a bay window where my mother, her two sisters, and my father's youngest brothers were married before me. The house was bought by my grandfather Hodge about 1892 and it was in our family till my brother sold it in 1962. Harold Grosowsky of the S.I.U. design department lives there now.

Poplar Street was a quiet, tree-lined street. Most of the houses sat on large lots. The Henry W. Shryock home was just to the north of ours. He was president of S.I.N.U. from 1913 until 1935. I well remember going over to see Burnett when he was a few days old. He was screaming and kicking and I was not at all impressed. North of the Shryocks at 112 S. Poplar was the home of E. K. Porter, owner of a drug store across town where the Bank of Carbondale now stands. This lovely home has been remodeled into the Walker Funeral Home. Mr. Porter was mayor of Carbondale for many years. We were all excited when Wm. Jennings Bryan gave the Commencement address at the Normal in 1908 and stayed with his boyhood friend, Mr. Porter. The Porter's daughter and her husband, Harlan Curd lived there many years with their family. Mary Ellen Curd is now Mrs. E. J. Simon. The yard extended to Main Street, but about 1912 a family named Stewman built a house to the north. Later, this property was owned by Prof. and Mrs. W. A. Furr. Mr. Furr was principal of the S.I.N.U. training school for many years. They had two daughters, Betty and Dorothy. Dorothy married Leland Lingle, a coach at S.I.N.U. The Furr home is now Magnolia Manor.

On the property now occupied by the Lutheran Church was a house lived in by Mr. Wm. Atwill and family and later by Mr. and Mrs. Jack McEwen. Both men served as superintendent of the St. Louis division of the Illinois Central Railroad.

On the east side of Poplar, between Monroe and Main Streets, were three houses owned by Mr. Otis Phillips, owner of Carbondale's largest hardware store. He and his family lived in the house nearest Main Street at 107 S. Poplar. The other two houses were rented. Mr. F. F. Schuette and his family lived in one, at number 111 Poplar. He ran a dry goods and ladies apparel store on Illinois Avenue. The Church of the Nazarene occupies this area now.

On the northwest corner of Poplar and Main, where the Carbondale Building and Loan now stands, was the home of the J. D. Peters. North of that was "Uncle" Jeff Snider's lovely Victorian home. Now there is a mini-park and parking lot on the site. Next, at 112 N. Poplar was the home of Prof. C. E. Allen and family. They had five children, Marjorie, Carl, Ned, William and Betty who were our good friends. We had many parties there in our high school days.

John Stotlar built on the southeast corner of Poplar and Oak Streets. I

remember vividly making a Halloween call there as a child. Mrs. Shryock and mother were the black parents; Burnett, myself and my brother Bill were the children. None of us uttered a word and we confounded all of our friends when we called that evening. The only homes I remember well north of Oak Street to where Poplar dead ends at Sycamore are those of the Freidline family on the northeast corner and Sam Hill's home at Poplar and Pecan, across the street from the big yard of the George Schwartz home on Pecan Street. Mr. Hill ran a large produce business in Carbondale for many years.

South of our home, at 206 Poplar, was a large frame house occupied in turn by the Steele's and Hanford's and briefly by the pastors of the First Baptist Church. When Frank Hewitt married Winnie Harker they lived there until they moved the house to the west edge of their lot and built the big brick house that is there now, at the corner of Walnut and Poplar. The Hewitt's had three children, Mary Ann who married Burnett Shryock, Winifred, Mrs. Tom Mofield, and son, Francis.

On the east side of Poplar, across from our home, were two houses that hold many memories for me. In the quaint little two-story house at Monroe and Poplar, lived "Grandpa" and Grandma" Sheppard, parents of Mr. Charles Sheppard who, with Mr. E. J. Ingersoll, ran a music and jewelry store on Illinois Avenue for many years. When my grandfather bought our home he had considered this house and the house on Illinois Avenue that later became Holden Hospital. We were always so happy that he chose the house he did. The cottage across the street housed dear friends through all my growing up years. The Jim Whites lived there for many years and their good friends, the Bonds, lived at the corner of Poplar and Walnut. Both men were with the Illinois Central. Lewis Bond and I were inseparable playmates as small children and had great fun driving his goat hitched to a fancy cart. Later, the Roscoe Taylors lived in the cottage. Their sons, Jack and Lewis, were friends of my brother Bill. Jack is now director of Doctor's Hospital and Lewis is a distinguished writer of fiction, winning the Pulitzer prize for his novel "The Travels of Jaime McPheeters."

On the southwest corner of Walnut and Poplar was the Elliott home. Anne Mitchell Winston, who lived at 509 Walnut until her parents moved to Main Street in 1906, and I adored to dress up and go calling on Mrs. Elliott. She invited us into the parlor, served us tea, and never indicated in any way that we were not the grown-ups we pretended to be. Mr. Ed Travelstead and family lived south of the Elliotts on the corner of Poplar and Elm. On the north west corner of Cherry and Poplar lived Mrs. Jack Etherton with her five daughters and son, Lonnie. Murdale airport now occupies their old farm land. On the northwest corner of College Street and Mill Street, where Poplar ends were the homes of Dr. Stearns and Emmett Harris on the west side of the street. Elizabeth Harris married Dr. John Lewis.

On the southeast corner of Poplar and Walnut Street was the home of Judge Andrew Caldwell, where the St. Francis Xavier Church is now. South of the Caldwell home was a tiny wooden Catholic Church, and at the north east corner of Cherry and Poplar was the Ed Reef home, 411 S. Poplar. Mrs. Reef worked untiringly to build a public library in Carbondale. Families named Trip and Goings also lived on the east side of Poplar, and the Kelley sisters, aunts of Dr. Ellis Crandle, who lived with them when he came to Carbondale from Gorham to attend S.I.N.U. South of College Street on the east side were the Brubaker home and that of Prof. Wm. Bailey and his family.



## ***Carbondale Remembered***

I cannot close these memory pages without speaking of the fun we used to have on summer evenings when we would gather in the thick dust, under the arc light at the corner of Poplar and Walnut, and play go-sheep-go and barbaree all over the neighborhood. No parent worried about our being out after dark. We were all so safe. I am glad that my memories go back to such a good time for growing up in a small town.

